



In Memoriam.

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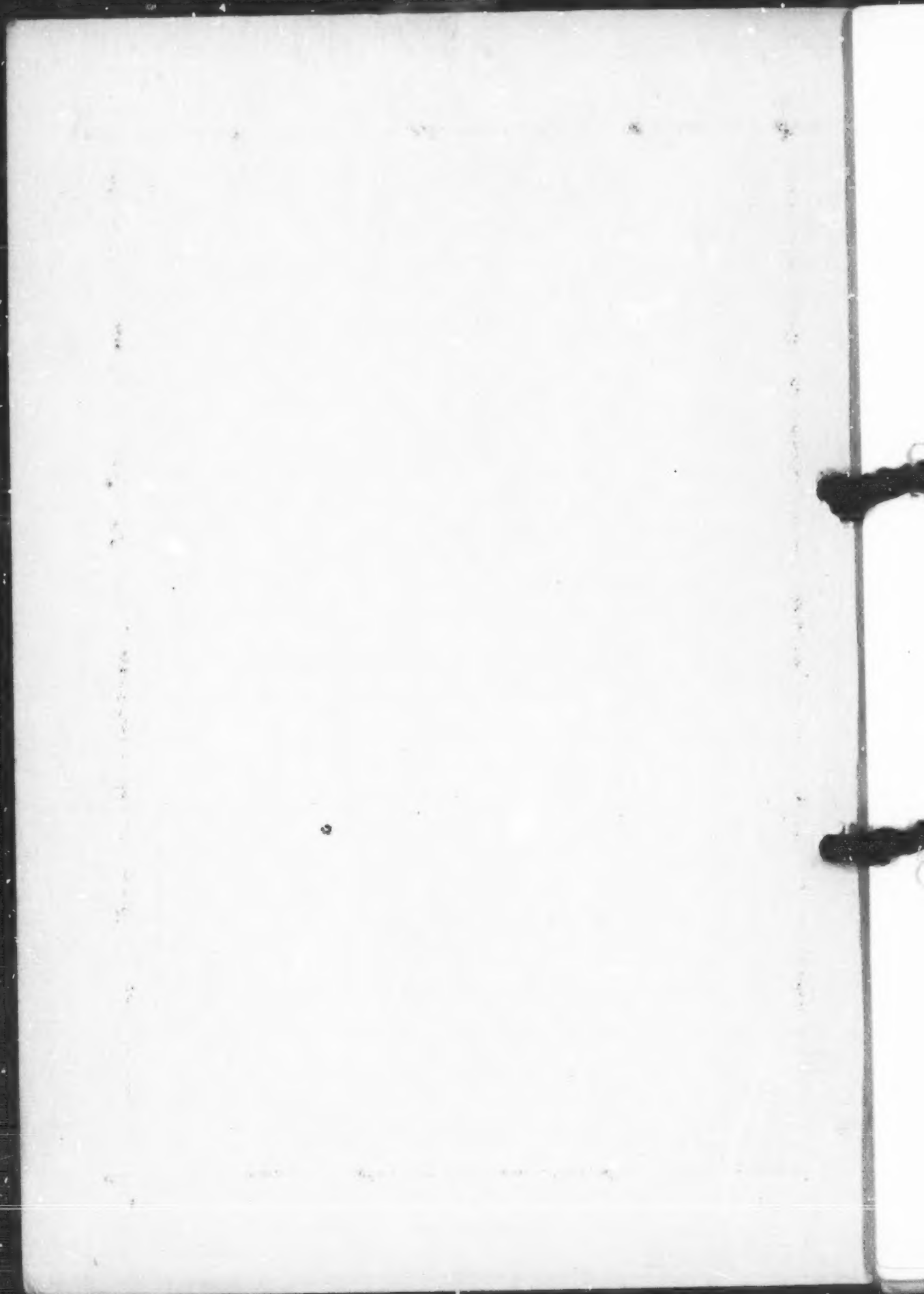
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— In Memoriam —

Rev. D. W. DIMOCK, M. A.,

Died Oct. 13th, 1896.

Written on the Sunday after his departure

By a member of Emanuel Church.



In Memory of the late
Rev. D. W. Dimock,
On the Sunday after his departure.

By a member of Emanuel Church.



WELL known form we miss from church to-day;
A form—not bowed with years—although the years
were there
But straight and lithe—as many a younger man;
A face—so KIND—though marked by time and care.

We miss a well-known footstep on the aisle;
No thud of age—although old age was there;
But tread elastic, light—as quietly
He used to enter—then ascend the stair.

His chair is vacant where so oft he sat;
Vacant?—Ah! No—the sable pall is there
Telling the sad, sad story—he has gone
The way of all the earth—while echo answers WHERE?

The ivy twined above it makes reply
Life—everlasting life! beyond the tomb!
Oh! friends, how loudly do these emblems say
The call will next be made; for whom?—for whom?

We miss the dear familiar voice—'twas sweet—not strong
As in a quiet reverential way
He would approach the sacred desk, and then
Would utter solemnly his “LET US PRAY.”

And what a prayer! Into the presence of the King of Kings
We feel our spirits fairly borne aloft,
While low in adoration at God's throne,
The pleader's voice oft fell, in cadence soft.

It surely was familiar ground to him;
He surely pleaded as no stranger there;
But talked with God—as Moses—face to face—
While scarce a breath disturbed the stillness of the air.

Again,—It was the Supper of our risen Lord:
And he the emblem offered—broken bread;
We listened to his discourse at the feast,
And felt our spirits by Communion fed.

And now, no more to us—as in the past—he'll come;
No more he'll greet us with his pleasant smile!
Our father-pastor—we are sad because
That with us thou could'st not have tarried, yet a little while

May it be our's—when our turn comes to go—
To leave behind, a record—pure as thine;
The "memory of the just"—which ever bright—
And brighter still—e'en unto perfect day—shall shine.

Till then farewell!—when our life's duty's done
When all our many burdens—we can bear no more;
Reunion!—blest—reunion—may it be
For all of us—upon that other shore.

L. A. E.

